The ſecond part, To the ſame tune,

When word was brought tothem I quickly went
But e'r I came their lives alas was ſpent,
Then did I tare the hair from off my head,
And wiſht a thouſand times that I were dead.

When I came there theſe Gallants then I found,
Both of them liveleſſe bleeding on the ground,
My Conſcience told me I was cauſe of this,
Sweet Jeſus now forgive me my amiſſe.

I buried them and laid them in one grave,
God grant their ſouls a reſting place may have,
More reſt then I whoſe reſtleſſe conſcience now,
Accuſes me for breaking of my Vow.

If I walk neer the place where now they lye,
It troubleth my mind exceedingly.
If to the place where they did fight I go,
It fills my guilty conſcience full of wo,

If I to bed do go I cannot ſleep,
And if I do my dreams do make me weep,
Methinks I ſee them bleeding in my ſight,
My thoughts by day and eke by dreams by night.

My rich Apparrell I have laid aſide.
My Cloth of gold and other things of pride
In ſable will I mourn while I have breath,
And every day expect and look for death,

A dead mans Scull my ſilver cup ſhall be,
In which Ile drink too good a cup for me,
Inſtead of meat on Roots and herbs Ile feed,
To put me ſtil in mind of my foul deed.

You weeping Nimphs that welcome in the Spring,
Come hear a diſcontented Virgin ſing
O that I might my time now with you ſpend,
In ſilent Groves untill my life doth end.

You Maids likewiſe in Country and in City,
That now have heard my diſcontented Ditty,
Be conſtant ever True to one alone.
For if that you prove falſe it will be known

If you will know where ſorrow doth abide,
Repair to me no other place beſide,
Grief and Deſpair doth dayly now attend me.
And there is nought but death that can befriend me

This diſcontented Damſell now ſhe keeps
Her chamber where ſhe dayly ſits and weeps
And ſuffers none to come to her tis ſaid
But onely one and that's her Fathers Maid.

The meat and drink her Father to her ſends,
She ſends the poor the which ſhe calls her friends,
She feeds on Roots and herbs and ſuch like things
Somtimes on bread which ſhe counts ſod for Kings

See here the fruits of wantoneſſe and pride,
O let us pray ꝟ God may be our guide:
There's few of us that have our times ill ſpent.
So well brought up, that doth ſo well repent.

You Damſels all now have a ſpeciall care,
Forget not her that did theſe things declare:
Be to your Sweet-hearts ever juſt and true,
And ſo fair Maids ſhe bids you all adieu. Finis.

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